# The Lenia Sentinel.

SETH W. BROWN, Editor.

Tuesday, January 26, 1864 The Soldier's Photograph.

A late paper states, that after enough thorebittes the tree, with a photograph representing three lovely children clasped in his lifeless hand, which picture, a few moments before he died, he was seen to gaze upon and fondly kiss.

. ci Bengath the forest shade and too The soldier sank to die With feeble hand he brushed away The death-damps from his eye, And strove to gaze once more, Despite the parting pain, Upon these pictured forms so dear, He ne'er might view again,

Ruch gentle child's awest face Looked smiling on his own, He almost seemed to bear once more, Their voices' tender tone; And o'er his dying brain Dim memories of the past, Came soft as some sweet sunset gleam,

The loveliest-the last,

He saw his humble home. His children at their plays, Their mother's dear and tender eyes-The light efather days. The sunshine of "sweet home" Around him seemed to beam; But then he waked, and knew, alast

Twas but a dying dream.

Amid the battle's din He had not geared to die, I But now a pang was in his heart, A tear-drop in his eye. For ch! 'tis passing hard-From earthly life to part, When both of love's soft twining arms Are elinging round the heart.

The souls that dwell alone, The cold, unloving brave, May sternly mock death's loy durt, (10 | Nor shudder at the garage But his the bitter pang That wakes the hollow mosn, Who knows that dear and loving hearts Lie bleeding with his own.

Twas thus the soldjer felt: Yet still his failing sight. Strove faint to trace those pictured forms, Amid death's coming night. Upon their features dear He fondly bowed his head, And, as he kissed them, with a sigh The soldier's spirit fied. Saturday Evening Post. w

### Deacon Thorne's Disloyalty.

BY SARAH A. DYER.

telling of the glories of the vanished day. George Stanley, a young neighbor, discussing bid me God speed?"

politics; Minnie, his daughter, the rosiest

Among all the h Ars. Thorne sat's knitting, her eyes fixed on the beautiful forms which the embers were Moses Thorne, aged Fifty."

wicked rebellion, not one is more loyal or and will win hearts of course."

wicked rebellion, not one is more loyal or and will win hearts of course."

wicked rebellion, not one is more loyal or and will win hearts of course."

She is better preserved than Moses Thorne, aged Fifty."

Marion always avoided mention

assuming.
The Deacon was getting excited. His eyes flashed, and he spoke in angry tones.
"Don't talk to me, sir; it's an unjust war, a fratricidal war, a war cursed by man, and by the Creator. The institution of Slavery, ordained by Jehovah, shall stand while time

be, for the liberty his forefathers bad be. Poultry Chapmole, should be read attentively the very core of things at once," I said.

continue to do se. The man who dons the a cause, is no friend of mine."

tion, and I should despise myself should his tion, and I should despise myself should his descendants prove beneath him in valor and miliarly, we will say the lean meat must be made while the bird is running at liberty,

you credit for possessing more sense. Mark my words, George Stanley! Minuic shall never be yours if you enter the service—shall be young—say sixteen or eighteen, or never with my consent, and she dare not draw even twenty weeks old, and fleshy—three

father," said Davie Thorne, in a determined tone. "I believe that love of country is secend only to love for the Maker. I had rather ond only to lave for the Maker. I had rather go with your consent, but if you will not give it. I must go without it. Jamie is too young the handwips of samp life. he can stay with you on the farm, and I shall callst with with you on the farm, and I shall callst with George. I know that my presence will be

and Davie Thorne was gone. the old farm-house. Jamie had disappeared. All day long the Descon pacel to and fro with

The says passed quietly on, until the spring-fill scattered blossoms and fragrance all over the land. Then came those hours of dealt cold, if they are kept in draughts and places where they are not protected from cold, if they are kept in draughts and places where they are not protected from cold, if they are kept in draughts and places where they are not protected from cold, if they are not protected from finescattered blossoms and fragrance all over and despair, which the stricken throughout cold, if they are allowed to see oth can length and breadth of the country have endured. They were ended by a letter in Jamie's frank, boylsh hand. "Dear mother"

mother. I know how you suffer," sother. I know how you suffer."

After this the gloam on the Dencon's face lammered a judge, and bored a whole court, all in one day, has since laid down law and Another year of prayerful sourow and patient waiting passed by. Then came the raid into Pennsylvania—the raid which did more

turned carpenter.

rebels are coming, Bencon," he exclaimed. "They're down at the South Forks We have

only time to escape!" "I think there will be no danger, was the cool reply. "At any rate I shall stay and guard my property. The women can go with you if they choose, although they will probably be as safe here as elsewhere."

Half an hour later a motiey procession wound away over the hills, on the road to safety and security. Deacon Thorne bade his wife and daughter a kind good-bye, and returned to his post of watchfulness. On they came, the minions of elavery, cent battles, a Union soldier was found dead lighting their path by the lurid glare at his part of the part of the lurid glare at large and the lurid glare at large at large and the lurid glare at large bursting forth in gorgeous splendor against the sky, with a strange thrill of awe and ex-

May such be the fate of all the enemies of slavery!" he said, half aloud. Nearer and henrer they came. Along the dusty road the shouts of the advancing column, the tramp of armed men, and the clasic of musketry were blended in wildest confusion. Alone and unarmed, he advanced to meet them. "You are welcome," he said; "I have sym-pathized with you in your struggles; I am with you heart and soul; all I ask is that my

home shall be unmolested."
"Impossible, sir," answered the leader of the rebel column. all that lies in our path. It matters not on which side you are, your buildings must go to add to the bonfire which is lighting the souls of the hellish Tankees down to perdi-

Calmly the Dencon stood by, and saw the torch applied to his bursting barns and granaries; but a quiver of agony passed over his countenance as he saw the old homestead, the home of his fathers, consigned to the devour-

Fire! fire! and the old house, from its ancient gables to the mossy sills, burst forth into a glare that lighted up the heavens for miles around. It waved and rose on the billows of flame, then fell with a loud crash, sending up into the air a million fragments of lurid light. Ab! a new home may arise from the ashes of the old, joy and love may gather round its bearthstone, but it can never, never be dear to his heart as that to which he brought his bride in her youthful beauty, in then, which his children have grown from infancy o manhood and womanhood.

By the side of the expiring embers Deacon Thorne learned many a stern lesson; and when the morning sun looked down the desclate hillside, which but the day before was covered with life and beauty, a man, true and loval, in whose heart a vow of eternal enmity against the foul fiend, Slavery, had been reg-

stered, welcomed its coming.

Gettysburg! the name immertal in our coutry's annuls. All day the fight had raged figreely uncontrollably. Among the thous-ands of brave men who rushed forward to the rescue, none fought more carnestly and de-t rainedly than Jamie Thorne. George Stanley was not in the fight; the insidious camp fever had struck him down in his strength

Fortune seemed to smile upon the little hero Jamie. His comrades fell around him on every side, but he remained uninjured until the close of the first day's battle; then as our nable, exhausted troops, who for so long had held double their numbers at bay, were compelled to fall back, a ball struck him, and he fell. When, a few days later, his his side, Jamle extended his one hand, saying : "Never mind, father, it's all for the coun-

try my other arm must do double service. And now, father, will you give Minnie to Jamie rose from the easy chair, and laid his hand on the Deacon's shoulder. The tall, pale soldier opposite listened engerly for the

attered in a moment of madness," he said, humbled, "I am proud of you, my boys. Evening closed darkly around the old gray what Davie a death begun, the rebel raid unspection was a distant relation of light, where the western sky met the earth. Union I had accorned. Minnie is yours, telling of the glories of the vanished day.

"I thought that venerable old Mr. Mayo, deaw your light awhile in order that the bening that the bening of your may be made to call on her, was a distant relation of your health until a tedlous illness of your health until a tedlous illne George; she is worthy of you. As for me, of the lamps from the large kitchen, where have betrayed needs my assistance. As the I took such a fancy to him, and did you know you new, you are looking like a ghost." the family were gathered round the coay fireplace; the Deacon and his sons, together with

George Stanley, a young neighbor, discussing the coay for and deads, I shall enlist. Can't you because I said I wanted to go home to tea once

"But ghosts are not addicted to sipping magnefys Gray-bax into gents of old, and cordial, Don't you budge, Egie, or I will value to go home to tea once

"But ghosts are not addicted to sipping magnefys Gray-bax into gents of old, and cordial, Don't you budge, Egie, or I will values me to cry out with the Post

words and deads, I shall enlist. Can't you

Among all the brave men who have deand prettiest of village girls, paring apples wated their lives to the object of crushing this

### How to Fatten Poultry.

continues. Somer than see my sons engage to the fattening of poultry, will certainly pay such a distance." continues. Sooner than see my sons engage in this wicked crusade against it, I would follow them to the grave. Never with my consents this very clearly. Fat poultry always recollecting, " strates this very clearly. Fat poultry always commands a better price, pound for pound, park to-day." Oh, father 1 Jamle Thorne mised his than lean, the difference in price obtained eyes appealing. For months this had been more than compensating for the cost of fatthe grand dream of his existence. Twas so noble, he thought, to suffer, and die if need quenthed to their sons unstained. He was by those who have poultry which they design roung and impulsive, and the tears rose to sending to market. Try the experiment, at his over as he walked to the window, and all events and our word for it, you will find "No," resumed the Deacon, "my boys are not only a more ready sale, but prices that fortably in broadcloth, and the lady wore a Mr. Asbary's influence. I remember now ences of my hi konsideration

tening means only what it implies. It is, in table phrase, adding fat to lean. It is useless a cause, is no friend of mine."

"I'm sorry, sir"—George Stanley was speaking now—"for I feel it my duty to go. My fancy that good meat will be put on by feed-grandsire fell in the old war of the Revoluting in confinement. As we wish to write fapatriotism. I could not stay idly at home, and retain my self-respect. I shall entist, but I thought, sir, maybe you'd give me Minnie befare I went a we're been premised so long."

The Deacon suswared him sneeringly: "So long, monseure, so far as eating is concertain age, nonseure, so far as eating is conyou, too, have exught the war fever. I gave cerned. A fewl is an old one at ten months as certainly as at the end of ten years.

my ourse upon her by disobeying me. A man weeks' confinement ought to make them very who is dishonorable enough to fight in such good. We do not advise eramming under orare intended for market, but it is hardly necessary for home consumption. If a coop be three times per day; their food should be George. I know that my presence will be disagreeable to you, now that I have come to this decision, and I will not trouble you in front of the crop it will not run off. The longer. Good-bye, mether; good-bye, Minnie; and Davie Thorne was gone. The next day there was another change at at each meal. If the day's consumption is placed at once before the bird, it eats to re-All day long the Descon paced to soil frowith clouded brow, and when at night word was brought that his pet son had enlisted, his rage was too deep for words. "Never mention the'r names agala," he said to his wife and daughter, "Honceforth they are dead to large. I have no sons." weeks. If they buye while food, if they are

-so it ran-"our regiment suffered terribly Tun lawyer who filed a bill out an acquaint-

A SPLENDLY specimen of orthography is

#### A Soldier's Portrait.

Draped in your honored stars and stripes, It tells us the olden story; Another brave young patriot passed Through duty on to glory.

A face to make a household glad; · Eyes full of love's assurance, Lips curved to speak the gentle word; Or tell the heart's endurance.

O, mother, sitting in the shade Of this divine affliction, This pictured face may be to thee A daily benediction.

May fold thee in a finer life Beyond the world's illusion, Where the calm twilight of the soul Will never know intrusion.

No more for him the weary march, For thee no weary waiting; Be patient, these young martyrs are Divinest truths translating.

#### [Written for the Sentinel.]

THROUGH MISTS BY JENNIE CAULFIELD.

[Continued.] poignancy. Marion was not in the least visitors, my room was given up to Marion,

"Wasn't it strange?" Clara asked that night, as she brushed her hair. "What. Marion's freak?"

s correspondence with us,"

in a more practical form." "Miss Pardoe will hardly relish having a substitue; that is a thing shedetests, and Marion's health does not seem so dreadfully im-

"But I do not think she is dependent upon and in a distant hospital he struggled against pack, and such a wardrobe! Why, her trunks gret that I witnessed her departure. It was over the old trinkets the girls had given her

collars, bandkerchiefs, undersleeves, sacks, books, brenstpins, rings, ----"Did she call them bribes?" asked Clara. "No, I think she told me they were marks of the esteem in which she was held by her

schoolmates." "She is quite a favorite with papa, I see," said Clara, "and Mr. Chase is certainly struck: I never saw anything as rapid in my life." "She is, certainly. Has she a mother or

any relative?" "That remains a mystery. The girls used to say a washwoman of Westville, whom she certainly resembles, was her mother; but Ma-Forgive me, George, for the wild words rion flatly denied it, and threatened to report

the girls, so it was bushed up."

again, when we had been surfeited on cracked Minerva and I have been out on a shopping wheat. Well, Marion is a beauty, at all events, expedition, looking up the pomps and vanity, and I have walked too far. I took her head

"She is better preserved than Minerva." Marion always avoided mention of Minerva, fever this minute." when we were alone, so she turned away to She laughed. put up her brush, and said with a manner that spoke plainly the ending of the subject: A little more attention than is usually paid pleasant to her as we can, since she has come and installing yourself nurse. Did you know peace," cause my rebbel lady hum has not bin

> DOh, Fidget, dear!" I burst forth, suddenly recollecting, "I encountered two lovers in the

"What an unusual prospect for this season. Are you sure-were they placarded?" "No: but a sagacious instinct ferrets into

affection-were they clad in fur?"

"No, dear; the gentleman was dressed comnot going to the war. I have done all in my will remunerate you for your trouble and addrab traveling-dress and mantel and furs."

What taste the Psyche "He has behaved very shabbily in not call-"A mautel and furs! What taste the Psyche It must always be borne in mind that fat- displayed! No, it was some pretty nurse-girl niring her sick mistress' fors."

"No such a thing, Fidget, for a shower of golden curls fell upon her victorine as would have tempted the seissors of any modern De-

Hillely," "Did you see her face?" "No. It was concealed by a provoking blue

"Then she was very ugly, be assured. And

"hat of all this ?"

"I am am sure I don't know, I have no idea why it should have impressed me so, or he said he discovered the direction of the wind that I should have been led to repeat to you and was intent upon annihilating him. resembled some one's that I had seen before." "Let us," said Clara, langling at me, "jot his friend." down in our journals as the 'Mysferious Inident, or the Lady in the Drah Traveling-iress and the Blue Veil!" We talked of her no more that night, al- friends

hough I dreamed of her. The next three weeks were given over and foolish rumor respecting Mr. Charles and myentirely devoted to Miss Marion Burton. She setf, and she said she had heard it whispered. That was all." alded, shooting athwart the heavens. Not-

said Mr. Charles to me, as we set off for the wares. Is the whole world crazy? The spera one night. Yes, rather retiring," I said:

chich we behold it."

Because of a lurking sareasm in his tone, I do believe. And after wearing my lungs "She has a perfect face," he said again. I will know what you have been up to." perfect in feature and coloring, has she

he should not pry into my secret thoughts, and the angry flush on her cheek enhanced the crowded myself into the corner of the carriage beauty of her face, and her little figure was in the late antic. George and I escaped uninjured, but Davie is dead. God help you, case, framed an indicament, impanneled a that would beautify the commonest face."

| She went off in a vioinjured, but Davie is dead. God help you, case, framed an indicament, impanneled a that would beautify the commonest face."

heart."

"I think the face of Josephine, which you showed no the other evening, had it. Was convey will be governed by her own sense of

ways to be friends, and, in order to keep our havior. faith, we are to accept the faults of one another.

so that we find no cause for anger, or estrangement, and I am ambitious to stand upon the see it in such an exaggerated light. same footing with Clara's friend, even though
I speak my mind about her associates." He no bigger than a man's hand, but not the desextended his hand across to me, and, with a tined forerunner of a storm—the sunset will thrill of pleasure, I laid mine in it. "I think," be red. Henry Allen will himself explain ued, "if you saw a little girl astray in | matters satisfac the dark streets, and you, above any of those who passed it by, possessed a key to its con- "The very fact that of his poverty led to the

"I hope I would," said I; and as he fixed -You need not to have reminded me-I his eyes upon mine, I repeated, as if I had knew it." She said the words stendily and

that woman's heart. little girl!'

matic power of "seeming the virtue" she man's wife, never. ted, was a thoroughly false woman. This was said so innocently that it would Even Clara and Mrs. Brown, who held themhave been impossible to conceive any latent selves aloof, at first, succumbed to her power and became her dupes. Clara liked her; she told me so enrnestly enough, and I had no fiscomposed. I liked the way in which the right to set my opinion against hers. Nor had little lady said this, and set down a high spirit to her credit at once. As there were other base my dislike. Clara had undertaken, one night-the very night on which Mr. Charles had said it was "our secret"-to argue me and I shared Clara's. I had her to myself out of my prejudices, and I was pained to find myself so unprepared to meet her proofs of George don't hand the girl's innocence, the integrity of her intentions, the justice of her actions, the purit of her heart-that was merely tinged with ir common errors-its relation to humanity "Yes, the unnatural. She has not kept up and the One who had been with us in our tr als and temptations had said the whole had no "She has given better proof of her affection tions of my disbelief in this woman were need of a Physician. The imaginative founds swept away from me like the vain of delusions of a morbid brain, and I was distressed to tears that I had wronged her in thought, and I could not sleep for the accusing faces which seemed to rise out of the darkness and confront paired as to warrant such an utter disregard | me defiantly with clamorous tongues. And I tried to study her after that to ascertain the direct cause of my repugnance, but she was so gracious to me, so forgiving to me, too, that her sulary now, Fidget. I assisted her to unare complete Noah's arks. She was laughing said that she would resign at the close of the term, and that Mr. Chase would doubtless visit stville, and that he was a happy man. And vet Mr. Charles was his firm friend, the reeptacle of his secrets, the Father Confessor, the advisor of his rash youth. Still, what we

#### CHAPTER VII. HENRY ALLEN.

felt, our grim foreboding of evil, that which

we recognized in our hearts, remained "our

"Clara, where have you been?"

"Walking, dear, with Minerva."
"You are ill, Fidget, you know you are What relief do you find in denying so evident | ar your thoughts you ar rite. If I had been fact? Say you are, like a good girl. With- permitted I coud her okupied a large poortion less of your health until a tedious illness let I bev a invinsible repugnence to the learns you to prize it. I am impatient to hereing of hostyle canon. It kreates sensatures and makes the sperit war with the flesh

moose. I will rest here on the sofa awhile in my lap and drew my hand hastily away from her hot forehead. "You have a raging

"Now, when I acquaint you with the fact that Henry Allen is a practicing physician here, you will be quite made up. No wonder

"Know it! I! Henry Allen! What do you mean? Simply this: Minerva informs me that Henry Allen did not return to Westville. He

has been, is, and will be herein Washington."
"Clara, you astonish me! It is impossi-Now, Minerva saw him. Mrs. Clifford's babe has the searlet faver, and Dr. Blake, who was too ill to ebey the summons, sent his asmin distant. Dr. Jameson asserts that he beard said a commanding presence. Already he has mile distant. Dr. Jameson asserts that he beard "What stunning lovers! Was it a test of sistant, Dr. Henry Allen. Minerva inferred the kontrary you should respect the tiers of

ing all winter."
"Minerva says he has devoted himself en-

tirely to business.

"I am sure his prolonged stay was a flat "I hope my fears are groundless. But I so painfully alive to his want of position and money, and the house was so crowded, my what I saw, unless that her traveling-dress wish Mr. Chase had been there to save us all. did not know it. Egie, I meant to be Piece to his remains.

" And so you were, Clara, and he is an ungrateful-but did he trouble to ask any que tions respecting those who had been kind "No he made some slight reference to that

"But wouldn't have been all, if Minerva withstanding the number of silly moths who was the party concerned. That woman would mourn his loss—but in the had would fain have been scorched in the dazzling light of her smile, she would accept of no escort but a sober old married man—Mr. Brown,

We were interrupted by the entrance of or instance. She sought conquests.

"How extremely reserved your freind is,"

Mrs. Brown. "Dear, dear, what is up, girls, you look as down as Millenarians taken una-Mrs. Brown. "Dear, dear, what is up, girls, strangest, most unaccountable things are hap-pening to-day. I wrote a letter to ma, directed I suppose, in your intimacy, you have become so accustomed to this trait that you have sent it to the post. Mr. Brown wore Mr. coased to see it in that exaggerated light in Charles' hat away and took his own in his

calling you I discover you closeted in here. There was no help for it but to tell her that which we had hoped to keep as our secret. I had seldom seen the little lady so indignant, so that my face should not be revealed, "and drawn up to its full hight which was majestic leut little fury of speeches, rather comical "That," said he, "is an index to a happy | than otherwise, ending with "he is a detesta-

she happy then?"

He smiled and leaned forward—"I suppose your knowledge of her character causes you to said, and got up and went off. I was obliged "I think he has cut us, little mother," Clara hand, I shall let it out.

expression, searching my dissimulation: was extremely nervous as to the effect of her "Pardon me, little girl, may I say that Clara dissilient wrath upon her liege lord), to in-and I have in understanding that we are al-

She sat with a Mank stony face, a minute fidence, that you would turn aside to lead it | course he pursued. He is not your friend any

calmly before I could edge in another sentence, "We are talking of a beautiful face," said rising with her usual manner, as she did he, "of a smile that you will, no more than you would not have guessed the cankered my friend Clara, admit has a smirk; but wound I had probed. Only she said easting flowers bloom on graves, and there is death in her eyes upon the various luxuries that met her gaze in every direction, "I wish I was a + "What a sentence is that you are solemnly beggar." She was quiet ever after that, alpassing, Judge Charles?" asked Mr. Chase. ways in the trials that fell to her lot, the test-He had been describing his secret tour through | ing fires through which her soul passed puri-Switzerland to Clara, and promised her fied. The sun went under clouds, the wind sketches that he had made, which he found rose and rattled the windows and whistled convenient to bring next morning, with a round the house—the February wind preparhandsome volume of Tennyson, which he ing for a March frolic. We simuldered and "hoped Miss Burton would accept as a token." drew nearer the great fire, Clara taking from "That is our secret," Mr. Charles had said her basket some ruffling, that handy needlepromptly; and, without further reference to work so closely allied to the basket, as thimble, the lady, the conversation became general. or thread, or needle. I made a miserable ef-But as Mr. Charles had said that this about fort at bantering. "It would be more agreeble Marion was our secret, I was glad that an- to be a beggar now than earlier in the season, other seemed impressed with an accurate es- the spring is so nigh at hand." She con timate of her. It really comforted me to be menced humming vigorously. I watched her assured of it, when all others seemed so deceived; for Marion Burton, with all her dra- shaped hands. She must never be a poor

#### TTO BE CONTINUED. ]

[From an original letter addressed to "Misr Kapting Moore Esq., Prove Marshalle & Kommander of the Draf, Lexington, Ky," and indorsed on the back : "Dere aur, of Mr. George don't hand you this, you will find it

Reasons for Being Exempted.

Poolsville, December 18th, 1863, DERE KAPTING: Owin to the kiffacult preminary which you have placed me in and thers; by your draften fixens, Ime compeled | Here's a health to them that's awa', to rite this memorial. I kum to your town akkordin to orders to report, but to my dismay I found a place kalled Sunny Sid the only place I could git in. I stade there sum time a viewing of the spectaters, until I were told that thar wer sum Yung Laryers who wer getting the peple out of defecul whareapon I struck a bee line fur one. I sune found him. He perlitely remarked that thar ware no defeculty about the mater, that he coud fix me up in no time. I wer mity wel pleased with the way the chap talked and wer out to klasp him to my buzzum, when I herd him mumbul sumthing about small fe I struck at onst I kno what Share fere are, they kant fule me. I stade round 4 days an then left fur my sanktum. After I got-bak l koncluded I would try this way of reaching your years. Hopin that this will reche yo will procede to the subgect mater as the speakers say. Sur I agree with the Ireshmen —that "one man are as guide as another and a grate deel better" provyded he is helthy. Sur this are a very unbealthy klimate, you may not no it, but the Amerikan peple as a boddy ar affekted with manney and divers diseses. If I wanted any prufe of my aser-tions I would site you to the fackt that milyons of dollars ar annuly expended in getting up medisins and pattents in a hilly konsentrated form to kure the peple, yet alass, thay ar even now ferfully unbeless what I her sed, you may think that I don't konsider myself fit fude fur powder. If sich sumwhat, it changes the hews of nature and

"Hark from the tomb the drouful sound. My years attend the cri," 2d Ime the oanly support of a aged & in-

3d I have but I large to nale. when I were ordered to shute I mite shute I

f our own kaptings. 5th I think you shade let me stay at home House for several sessions, twenty years ago, and foller the advise of Patrick Henry, who peace, cause my rebbel lady hum has not bin broke out he was President of an important are sky high. able to run me in to the sessesh armey.

He thinks the site of hard tak would throw me into Fits, and as he justley remarks yore surer be a viktim of Linkens tyreny. Dere that he gained the position which the death of my Cozen and the feelings of yore distressed Dr. Blake's brother left vacant for him through P. L. CHOTER.

## A Western Obituary.

"Bo you mean that as an excuse tor mine:

"Egic, don't speak in that tone. Don't ceased. He departed his life last munday. He look so, you hurt me. It is a bitter, bitter thing to be disappeared in a friend. Do you thing to be disappeared in a friend. Do you life, Tu Day we are as pepper-grass—mighty smart tu-morrer we are cut down like a cow-mark to grant tu-morrer we are cut down like a cow-mark tu-morr which his wife now water on. His virchews was numerous to behold. Many of things we bot at his growcery, and we are happy to stait to the admirin world that he never cheated, speshully in the wate of makrel, which was nise, and smelt sweet, and his survivan wife is the same wa. We never knew him to put sand in his sugar, though he had a big sand bar in front of his hous; nor watter his Lickers, the the Ohio river run past his dore.

POETRY. he died in his bed. a grate buk he red, a prayer hoollered out, then turned over un2 his bed, and durned if he didn't die-ded. He leaves I wife 9 children, I cow 4 horses,

ARTEMAS WARD, in a recent letter, thus gives his idea of reorganization: I never attempted to reorganize my wife but once. I shall never attempt it again. I'd bin to a pubblic dinner, and had allowed myself to be betrayed into drinkin' several man-of-war. people's healths; and wishin' to make em as robust as possible I continued drinking their healths until my own became affected. sekens was, I presented myself at Betsey's both legs from a sailor who was in the shrouds. bedside Iste at nite with considerable licker | He fell toward the deck, but at that moment

mornin', I snapt the whip purty lively, and in a loud voice I said. Betsey you need re-organizen'! I have come, Betsey, I contincome to reorganize you!

I dreamed that nite that sumbody had laid I haint drunk much of anythin' since; and become?"

An Old Friend in a New Dress.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA!

Bard of Scotia, and whose rich and ringing has many a time prayed to God in his behalf, spirit and words. With an spology for the with which his life has been crowned."] liberty taken with the original song-a liberty which nothing but a truly loyal object could justify.]

Here's a health to them that's awa'. And here's to them that's awa'; And wha would na wish guid luck to our

May never guid luck be their fa'! t's guid to be merry and wise, It's guid to be honest and true, It's guid to support Columbia's cause, And bide by the jackets of blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa', And here's to them that's awa'; Here's a health to "Auld Abe," the chief of

the clan. And may his band never be sma', May liberty meet wi' success; May prudence protect her fra' evil: May traitors and tyranny tines in the mist, And wander their way to the devil.

Here's a health to them that's awa' And here's to them that's awa', Here's a bumper to Chase-he, the Western

That made greenbacks as guid as th' law: Here's freedom to him that would read, Here's freedom to him that would write; There's name ever feared that the truth should

be heard, But they wham the truth wad indite.

And here's to them that's awa'. Here's Rose-erans and Grant, and wha would

them daunt, We'll build in a hole in the wa'; Bere's woman that's true at the heart. Here's man that is sound at the core, May be that would turn his button and cost, Be turned to the back of the door.

Here's a health to them that's awa', And here's to them that's awa'; Here's Abr'am Lincoln, a chief that's na

winkin'. But bred with an az in his paw; Horo's friends to the stripes and stars, Here's friends that stand by them at need; And wha would betray his country's cause, May hang by the neck till he's dead.

Here's a health to them that's awa', And here's to them that's awa'; Here's a health to our Uncle, to good Uncle

His soldiers and sailors so braw; May cruel mar soon be over. And peace to our land come again; lay law and unity triumph, And banish all sorrow and pain.

### Robert C. Schenck.

ton Journal devotes the following paragraph in a newspaper has been trying to get a perto our Congressman:

General Schenck heads those politicians who have won military reputation in the war your sentiments; you make me start." "Well, for the suppression of the rebellion, and who are to direct the destinies of this country dur- the last hour." Since then he has filled important diplomatic positions in South America, but when the war such stars; may we bask in their influence until we railroad line. His military services need not this record no wonder that the General was made chairman of the House Military Committee, and it will be found he will not fill camphene, and themset fire to him. The effect is mittee, and it will be found he will not fill kant cure tham kind of Fits, and I would the position as a mere puppet, moved by West Point strings. He is rather short, compactly built, with reddish bair, a light complexion military expenditure, and his talents as a debater will enable him to make a mark ere the present session closes.

## A Minister who loved Horses.

In the contiguous town of Lower Salem dwelt an aged minister, by the name of Mead. He was all his life marked with eccentricity, able to preach, and on a certain Sunday, havon, when David P---, who was the Jebu of hat generation, dashed by the front door upon a horse, a clever animal, of which he was but too proud-in a full, round trot. The echo of about Peter. Who knows who Peter being of wood, was sonorous as a drum, and arrested the attention as well of the minister as the congregation, even before the rider had reached it. The minister was fond of horses, almost to frailty; and, from the first, his practiced ear perceived that the sounds came from a beast of bottom. When the animal shot by the door, he could not restrain his admiration; which was accordingly thrust into the very marrow of his prayer: "We pray Thee, oh, Lord, in a particular and peculiar mannera growcers stoar, and other quadrupeds to that a real smort critter—to forgive us our mourn his loss—but in the language of the manifold trespasses, in a particular and pecu-

## Anecdote of Lamb.

At a dianer table one ovening, a seafaring guest was describing a terrific engagement, of which he was a spectator, on board a British "While I was watching the effects of the gailing fire upon the masts and rigging," said not before the full point was taken by he, "there came a cannot ball, which took off the school and Mother Goose's poem

concelled about my person.

I had somehow got perseshun of a hosswhip strange to say, took off both his arms, which on my way home, and rememberin some fell upon deck, while the poor fellow's limb-eranky obsurvashun of Mrs. Ward's in the less trunk was carried overboard." "Heaven's!" exclaimed Lamb, who was "No," replied the naval Munchansen; "he ned-crackin' the whip over the bed-I have couldn't swim, of course, and sank before assistance could be rendered him."

Lookeut.

[The following stirring poem was sent by Dr. Meigs, of Philadelphia, father of General M. C. Meigs, whose vivid description of the [Lines by Robert Burns, altered and adapted | "Battle in the Clouds" has become classic, to suit the present times by James E. Mur- his son, with a note, in which he says: "If doch, and dedicated to David Gibson, Esq., of my verses were worthy of being presented to Cincinnati, Ohio-one who so truly appre- General Hooker I should be gird to give them ciates the songs and sentiments of the genial to him, with the blessing of an old man, who voice gives such thrilling expression to their and is now thankful and proud for the honor

> Left, right! left, right! Left, right! March! Stendy, men! no-For silent we go To rescue our country from tyrant and foe, Not a word, my good men-not a sound, Save the tramp of your trend, Till you win the mountain's topmost head, Where trenches and bulwarks stand circling

them round. Not a shout! no hurrals! Not a musket-shot, Nor the scream of a shell, As nearer you draw; Not a trumpet's blare Nor a bugle's note, Till, blind with the dare Of your bayonets' blaze,

Your loud hurrah shall sound their knell. Left, right! left, right! Steady, ye freemen! So! Now forward we go, Rushing o'er the abattis, breastwork, and wall, Victorious, in triumph o'er slavery's fall,

Shouting peans. Io to our glorious stars! Hurrahing loud anthems to the Red, White, and Blue, As they fly with their bright constellation of light,

Proclaiming to traitors and tyrants in flight That "Victory the Wingless" dwells ever with you.

### SCRAPS.

Where the spirit drinks till the brain is wild, Softest grave of a thousand fears, Where the mother's cares, like the drowsy child Is laid asleep in flowers."

Ax active and faithful memory doubles life; or it brings a man upon the stage with all those who have made their exits.

Wincu requires the most courage, to look down a precipice or intown empty pocket-book? GREATNESS may build a tomb, but it is goodness that makes the epitaph PLOWERS.

"Each leaflet is a tiny scroll Inscribed with holy truths, A lesson that around the heart Should keep the dew of youth; Bright missals from angelic throngs In every by-way left, How were the earth of glory shorn, Were it of flowers bereft!

AT THE battle of Gettysburg it was observed that the valleys of grape were followed by most copious showers of claret THOUGH we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we? find it not

THE loss of a felend is like that of a limb Time may heal the anguish of the wound, but the loss can not be repaired TROUBLES are like dogs, the smaller they are

the more they annoy you Ys who are eating the apple-dumpling and molasses of wealth should not forget those who are sucking the herring bones of powerty. THE man who imagined himself wise be-The Washington correspondent of the Bos- cause he detected some typographical errors

pendicular view of the rainbow. "I am astonished, my dear young lady, at

ing the next decade, if not longer. He is a "Mm. Smirnens, how can you sleep so? 4th In time of exsitement I gets konfused & veteran Congressman, although only some five The sun has been up these two hours." "Wall, and fifty years of age, for he represented a what if he has? (Hic-cup.) He goes to bed district in his native State of Ohio in the at dark, while I'm on a bender till midnight." Woman is the morning star of infiney; the day

Last, I have a Dokter. He knows me. He thinks I ought always to took at delikate food. If in the army, to distribit sannatarcy stores.

Is the arctic regions when the thermometer is "faced" Mr. Thad. Stevens on a question of every word of a sermon at a distance of two miles Way should we mourn, conscripted friends,

Or quake at Draft's slarus?
"Tis but the voice that Abr'am sends To make us shoulder arms.

A Case of Catechising. A clergyman in Maine, who was opposed to having any mirth in Sunday and about those days of which I speak, his school, thought it injurious to all, and mind was rendered yet more erratic by a unnecessary for the entertainment of touch of paralysis. He was, however, still children. He offered to address the ing exchanged with my father, he was in the school and show that they could be pulpit and engaged in making his opening well entertained seriously. I am prayer. He had already begun his invocacredibly informed that the following dialogue ensued:

"Children, I am going to tell you was?" No answer. "Can not any one-those large girls

-tell me who Peter was ?" Still no reply. "Can any little boy or girl in the school, tell me who Peter was?" "I can," said a little fellow in the

further corner. "Ah, that's a good boy. Now you liar manner, etc."-Peter Parley's Own Story. come up on the platform beside me, and stand up in this chair, and tell those large girls who Peter was." Jimmy did as he was told, and in the

shrill voice of childhood repeated: "Potor, Poter, pumkin eater, Had a wife and couldn't keep her." At this point he was stopped, but

DEEPEST COAL MINE IN THE WORLD. The coal mine of Monkwearmouth was visited by a party of members of the British Association, among whom were found ladies. The depth of this mine from the surface is 1,900 feet, "It was a sad, sad loss!" said Lamb mu- and the workings of the coal under it a hosswhip over me sev'ril consected times; and when I woke up I found she had, what an ornament to society he might have from the shaft. About 300 persons are employed in it; 600 tons are Sonn tastoful individual very correctly re- mined daily. The heat at the bottom to rouse the latent spirit and patriolism of the North than winning many a victory. One to beer spirit and patriolism of the North than winning many a victory. One to beer spirit and patriolism of the window of a beer spirit and patriolism of the window of a beer spirit and patriolism of the window of a beer spirit and patriolism of the window of a beer spirit and patriolism of the window of a beer spirit and patriolism of the window of a beer spirit and patriolism of the window of a beer spirit and patriolism of the window of a beer spirit and patriolism of the window of a beer spirit and patriolism of the commint and be entertained by Mrs. Brown's to remain and be entertained by Mrs. Brown's comments upon Mr. Allen until her husband's comments upon Mr. Allen until her husband's to strangers. Josephine had the essentials of the remain and be entertained by Mrs. Brown's comments upon Mr. Allen until her husband's comments upon Mr. Allen until her husband's to strangers. Josephine had the essentials of the remain and be entertained by Mrs. Brown's comments upon Mr. Allen until her husband's comments upon Mr. Allen until her husband's to strangers. Josephine had the essentials of the remain and be entertained by Mrs. Brown's comments upon Mr. Allen until her husband's comments upon Mr. Allen until her husband's to strangers. The remain and be entertained by Mrs. Brown's comments upon Mr. Allen until her husband's comments upon Mr. Allen until her husband'

was appreciated,